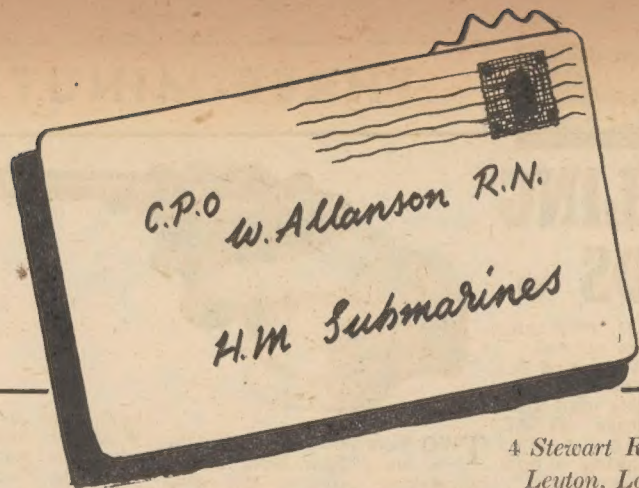


A letter for—



4 Stewart Road,
Leyton, London, E.15.

They all rode in the EPSOM DERBY 1943



Pony Derby riders at Epsom this year included (left to right) M. Beary, T. H. Carey, E. C. Elliott, Steve Donoghue, Ephy Walls, Fred Lane and Gordon Richards. Photograph by "Good Morning." See story below.

OLD KATE is dead now, of course, though recently, at the Epsom Wings for Victory Week "Derby" meeting, that lovable old racing celebrity was very much alive.

On the programme Old Kate was billed as Official Race Card distributor, but Kate did more than sell programmes. Relieved by a niece of Marie Lloyd the actress, she brought back a glimpse of the romance of her eighty-four years in racing. In the picturesque shawl and bonnet worn by the original, Old Kate II enchanted the ten-thousand crowd at Epsom recreation ground.

Although the spirit of Old Kate was there, and in spite of the presence of Gordon Richards and Steve Donoghue and Tom Walls, the 1943 Epsom "Derby" meeting was very different.

Prince Monolulu wasn't there, and the only pair of field glasses were in the hands of the judge.

No Royalty

The jockeys rode scraggy ponies, and the ground was patrolled by Civil Defence workers instead of police.

The grandstands were made of orange boxes and tea chests, and although there were no Royalty present, the celebrities' box was occupied by the Mayor of Epsom and Ewell and his aldermen and councillors and their families. The public stand seated soldiers in hospital blue and nurses, the usual Brigadiers, and a civilian here and there.

The first race, a breath-taking epic, was won by Gordon Richards on Flopsy at four to one. Steve Donoghue was favourite, and for three furlongs he led the field. When Gordon closed the gap, this ten-thousand crowd gave vent to a roar worthy of Hampden Park.

In the eyes of V. Smyth and W. Nightingall and other racing celebrities, I detected, I think, reminiscence. How many times had they seen these champions, past and present, make a fighting finish to bring the

hearts into the mouths of thousands of punters?

Grand Parade

The main event was preceded by a grand parade, when Tom Walls, complete with newly grown beard, introduced the jockeys. (I was amused to see a youth give him explicit instructions on how to use the microphone.)

Among these "Knights of the Pigskin" were T. H. Carey, a Northolt Pony Derby winner,

M. Beary, who won the Derby on Middy Sun, Fred Lane, who won with April 5th for Tom Walls, E. C. Elliott, who had claimed two Derbies, Steve Donoghue, six times winner, Gordon Richards, who had yet to win this classic, Ephy Smith, who won on Blue Peter, and J. Marshall, who gained his only victory on Trigo.

When the eight entries left the paddock for the line-up the odds were four to one against every entry, though Steve and Gordon were the most popular bets.

From the "off" it was a thrilling race, and although Ephy Smith got Sandades home by two lengths, the rest of the field were hard on his heels.

Nun won

The Rev. Mother Veronica, of St. Teresa's Convent, owned the winner. She told me it was the convent hack and had never galloped before. She had entered it for the fun of the thing. "The children love him because he is so gentle. Sandades will stay as he is, just a pet for the kiddies."

A pupil rode the horse to the meeting and took him home after his victory.

At the conclusion of the racing the shooting stick which was presented to Old Kate by a racing celebrity half a century ago, was auctioned. Alderman H. Cushine was the purchaser for fifty pounds. A box of Coronas raised twenty pounds and a bottle of whisky was bought for fifteen pounds.

(See pictures back page.)

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts are boundless
and our souls are free.
Lord Byron.

Learning maketh young man temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty and serving as an ornament to riches.

Bacon.



"Old Kate" relived in the person of a niece of Marie Lloyd. She is seen here seated on the famous shooting stick owned by the original Derby celebrity.

Dear Bill,

Before I go any further, let me tell you that everyone at home is fit and well, and longing to see you.

I called this afternoon at 13 Downsell Road, but a neighbour told me your wife had moved back to your home in Stewart Road.

Billie opened the door to me and told me his mummy was ironing. But she heard me mention your name and flew to the door. Bella was wearing that blue dress. You know, the one you like so much. She asked me in, and apologised for the trestles and a ladder that blocked the passage—the decorators had just finished the ceilings, she explained.

It was a pity I didn't get there an hour earlier—Ted Golding had just left. He and your wife and sister-in-law had been exchanging yarns about the good old days, when you and Ted used to play football together.

You've heard about your sister Flossie, I suppose? She is due to leave the W.A.A.F. soon, to have a baby. Her husband is very excited.

Before I forget, young Billie says be sure to remind you to bring home that three-wheeled bicycle you promised him. He wants it particularly now because young Terry Jones, next door, had one for his birthday last week.

Wally, your brother, wrote home last week and sent his best regards. Naturally, he's hoping to see you soon. There hasn't been any news from Eddie, in India, for a few weeks. But knowing Eddie, no one at home has any doubt about his being fit.

Billie brought me your picture album and, while I was turning the pages, colleague photographer George Greenwell lectured him on why he shouldn't bite his nails. I'm not sure, but I believe the argument concluded with George biting his nails, too. You have some grand snaps there, William. The one I liked best was of that "Odol smile" of yours.

We went into the garden to take a picture of the wife and Billie, and were rather surprised to find the now out-of-use air-raid shelter completely covered behind your prize hollyhocks.

I don't think you will be able to detect it in the picture, but Bella is wearing the tiny model submarine you made for her. She always wears it, she told me. The larger models that you made for Billie are the pride of the neighbourhood. He shows them to all his pals, and says, "My daddy is in that ship."

Well, Bill, that's about all the news from Stewart Road, Leyton except, of course, to tell you that Bella and Billie love you more than anything in the world. But that's not news, anyway.

Love and kisses from your wife and son, and sincerest wishes from

RONALD RICHARDS.

P.S.—Four of your letters arrived this evening.

-and a few snaps



The above pictures were taken by "Good Morning" at the home of C.P.O. Allanson. Send us the address of your wife or girl friend, in case our cameraman visits the district.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—40

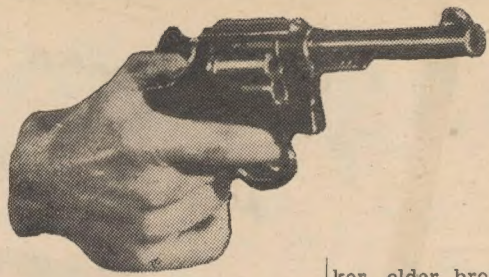
1. Mix the words PEN and LATHE to make an animal.
2. Find a five-letter word the letters of which can be rearranged to make its opposite.
3. Can you change STEAL into COINS, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration?
4. Change in the same way: COAL into COKE, SLOW into FAST, SEED into CORN.
5. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word CHARTERHOUSE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 39

1. RATTLESNAKE.
2. RIALTO.
3. FLOUR, FLOOR, FLOOD, BLOOD, BROOD, BROAD, BREAD.
BLACK, BLANK, BLINK, CLINK, CHINK, CHINE, WHINE, WHITE.
CAIN, CHIN, SHIN, SPIN, SPUN, SPUD, SPED, APED, ABED, ABEL.
BREAD, BREAK, BLEAK, BLEAT, BLEST, BLAST, BOAST, TOAST.
4. Ten, Men, Ice, Fit, Met, Fen, Fun, Fin, Tin, Tun, Nut, etc.
Nice, Time, Mice, Tine, Nine, Mine, Fine, Menu, Cent, etc.

THREE-MINUTE THRILLER

By NIGEL MORLAND



Body in Canonicals

TWO days before she was due to leave New York on her homeward journey, Mrs. Pym was approached by Lieutenant Clanrigan. He looked worried and was scratching his red head in perturbation.

"We're up against a wow," he began. "We've found a body in a studio off Washington Square. The body's a clergyman. He's stone dead—shot—and nobody could've done it."

Mrs. Pym smiled and followed Clanrigan down to the waiting police car which hurtled from 58th Street to Greenwich Village with the siren howling.

Only when she began her enquiries did Mrs. Pym realise the mystery. The dead man was the Reverend John Whitaker, elder brother of Leonard Whitaker, owner of the studio, who was staying with friends at White Plains.

The clergyman liked to visit New York occasionally to dabble in amateur painting at his brother's studio. It was an amicable arrangement, for Leonard Whitaker had a free caretaker during his absences, and obliged his brother, whose sole heir he was.

A shot had been heard at noon. Because of the heat, people were sitting on the front steps, and even on the roof. It emphasised the fact that no stranger could have gone in or out.

On the dais was a fine wooden lay figure dressed as a cowboy holding a gun, and on the floor the gun was found. It was the weapon that had killed Whitaker, yet an artist's lay figure was not capable of committing murder.

Mrs. Pym probed round the studio. There was little of real interest, a stove bearing a kettle near the dead man, and a couch covered with old clothes and odds and ends at his back.

It caught the imagination of the Press, a dead clergyman in a studio who had been painting the picture of a cowboy holding a gun. Yet if the gun had done murder, who had fired it?

Mrs. Pym interviewed the raffish, thin-faced Leonard Whitaker, and learnt from official sources that he was heavily in debt and legatee under his

brother's will to the extent of ten thousand dollars, yet his alibi for the whole day of the crime was unimpeachable.

With the help of an old cowboy at Madison Square Garden, where the inevitable rodeo was being held, Mrs. Pym solved the mystery exactly five hours before she sailed.

(Solution on Page 3)

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



"OXFORD STREET," TRIPOLI.

Bargaining over a piece of cloth in the Cloth Market, Tripoli. The man in the bath-towelling robes wants the striped material. The man in the bath-towelling who owns it is showing his reluctance to part with it—at the price offered. They may bargain for an hour, but they both know the end of the business. The striped material will change hands and both parties will say they are ruined—but both know they are not.

time in throwing up a little shed just outside the house, upon which he was engaged to my certain knowledge for four months, without appearing to make any sensible advance. I suppose the old gentleman was in his dotage, for he manifested in various ways the characteristics which mark this particular stage of life.

But despite his eccentricities, Marheyo was a most paternal and warm-hearted old fellow, and in this particular not a little resembled his son Kory-Kory. The mother of the latter was the mistress of the family, and a notable housewife, and a most industrious old lady she was. If she did not understand the art of making

QUIZ for today

1. Who discovered the circulation of the blood, and when?
2. About how old is the earth believed to be?
3. Which of the following words is an "intruder," and why? Plate, Cup, Teapot, Dish, Knife, Tureen, Basin.
4. When did Confucius live and teach in China?
5. What is the *Grimoire*?
6. Who is the present Minister of Works and Planning?
7. What was the date of the Great Fire of London?
8. Only three large peninsulas in the world point northwards. What are they?
9. Who wrote (a) "Heroes and Hero-Worship," (b) "The Heroes"?
10. What is ebonite made of?
11. Who invented printing in Europe, and when?
12. What is the oldest printed newspaper?

Answer to Quiz in No. 77

1. Forty.
2. (a) Conan Doyle, (b) Wilkie Collins, (c) Herman Melville.
3. Drum.
4. It has never been abolished.
5. In Eire.
6. John Harrison, in 1736.
7. An Emperor of Peru.
8. A fruit belonging to the rose family.
9. (a) "The Beggar's Opera," (b) "Macbeth."
10. 4,840 square yards.
11. 1912.

X WORDS

T	I	M	E
F	I	L	E
M	O	N	D
D	R	A	W
V	A	S	E
N	I	L	E

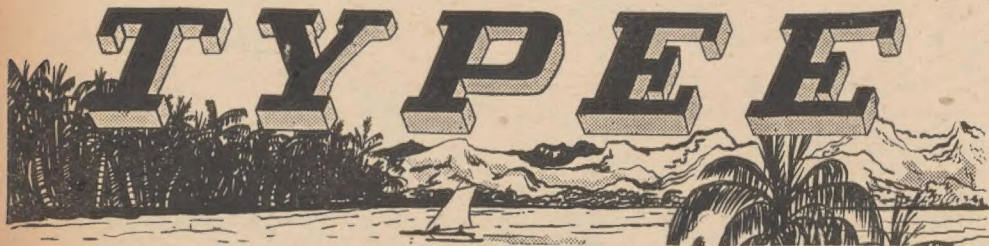
The letters comprising these words can be used to form other words. See how many you can spot. All letters must be used, and each letter must be used once only.

(Solution in No. 79)

jellies, jams, custards, tea-cakes, and such like trashy affairs, she was profoundly skilled in the mysteries of preparing "amar," "poe-poe," and "kokoo," with other substantial matters. She was a genuine busy-body. To tell the truth, Kory-Kory's mother was the only industrious person in all the valley of Typee.

Among the permanent inmates of the house were likewise several lovely damsels, who instead of thrumming pianos and reading novels, like more enlightened young ladies, substituted for these em-

Continued on Page 3.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

FROM the ridge-pole of the house hung suspended a number of large packages enveloped in coarse tappa; some of which contained festival dresses, and various other matters of the wardrobe, held in high estimation. These were easily accessible by means of a line, which, passing over the ridge-pole, had one end attached to a bundle, while with the other, which led to the side of the dwelling and was there secured, the package could be lowered or elevated at pleasure.

Against the farther wall of the house were arranged in tasteful figures a variety of spears and javelins, and other implements of savage warfare. Outside of the habitation, and built upon the piazza-like area in its front, was a little shed used as a sort of larder or pantry, and in which were stored various articles of domestic use and convenience. A few yards from the pi-pi was a large shed built of cocoa-nut boughs, where the process of preparing the "poe-poe" was carried on, and all culinary operations attended to.

Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best-natured serving-

man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust and well made, and of the most extraordinary aspect.

His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns.

His beard, plucked out by the root from every other part of his face, was suffered to droop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his upper lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin.

He had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal stripes of tattooing, which,

like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. His countenance thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out from behind the grated bars of a prison window.

The father of my attached follower was a native of gigantic frame, and had once possessed prodigious physical powers; but the lofty form was now yielding to the inroads of time, though the hand of disease seemed never to have been laid upon the aged warrior. Marheyo—for such was his name—appeared to have retired from all active participation in the affairs of the valley, seldom or never accompanying the natives in their various expeditions; and employing the greater part of his

JANE



This England and these English

EVERY MAN

THERE is no wall of adamant, no triple flaming sword, to drive off those lawless assassins that have murdered and pillaged in every other land. Heaven has made us with no covenant that there should be joy and peace here, and wailing and lamentation in the world besides. I would counsel you to put on a mind of patient suffering and noble acting: whatever energies there are in the human mind you will want them all: every man will be tried to the fiery springs of his heart, and those times are at hand which will show us all as we really are. . . . Rev. Sydney Smith (1804).



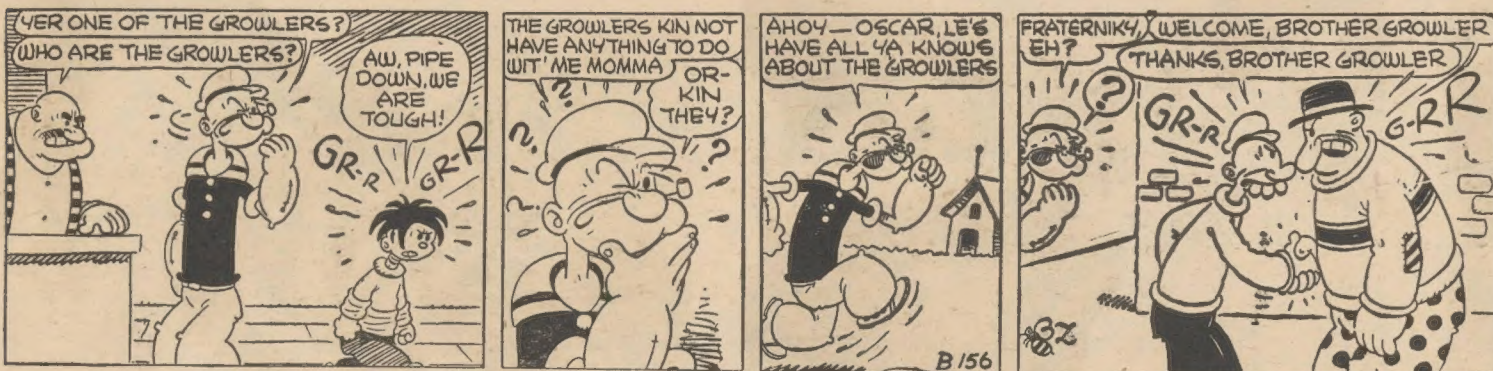
Beelzebub Jones



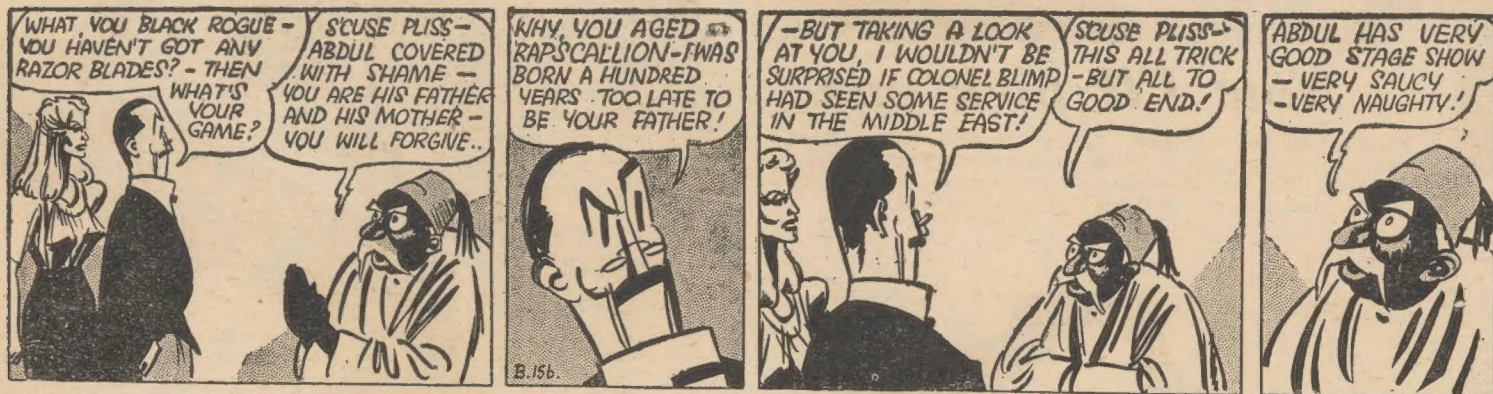
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

ployments the manufacture of a fine species of tappa; but for the greater portion of the time were skipping from house to house, gadding and gossiping with their acquaintances.

From the rest of these, however, I must except the beautiful nymph Fayaway, who was my peculiar favourite. Her free pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty.

Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive, and when watching the glow upon her cheeks I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion. The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire.

Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the

milk-white seeds of the "arta," a fruit of the valley, which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, embedded in the red and juicy pulp.

Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom.

The skin of this young creature, from continual ablutions and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft. I may succeed, perhaps, in particularising some of the individual features of Fayaway's beauty, but that general loveliness of appearance which they all contributed to produce I will not attempt to describe.

Were I asked if the beautiful form of Fayaway was altogether free from the hideous blemish of tattooing, I should be constrained to answer that it was not. All the tattooing that the nymph exhibited upon her person may be

easily described. Three minute dots, no bigger than pin-heads, decorated either lip, and at a little distance were not at all discernible. Just upon the fall of the shoulder were drawn two parallel lines half an inch apart, and perhaps three inches in length, the interval being filled with delicately executed figures.

Thus much was Fayaway tattooed. The audacious hand which had gone so far in its desecrating work stopping short, apparently wanting the heart to proceed.

But I have omitted to describe the dress worn by this nymph of the valley.

Fayaway—I must avow the fact—for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage; and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. Though in my eyes, at least, Fayaway was indisputably the loveliest female I saw in Typee, yet the description I have given of her will in some measure apply to nearly all the youthful portion of her sex in the valley.

(Solution in No. 79)

Solution to 3-minute Thriller

"The dead man was very conservative in his actions," Mrs. Pym told an admiring police audience after Leonard Whitaker's arrest. "He was also crazy about painting, and always lost himself in his work, once he started. Young Whitaker banked on psychology. He prepared the subject for his brother, fixing up everything before he went to White Plains. The gun was filed so that the trigger would respond to the slightest pressure. It was carefully trained on the worker at the easel, the lay figure's forefinger being bent round the gun trigger and held with a thin elastic band.

"The Reverend Mr. Whitaker always made tea around noon, which his brother knew. I found a bone-dry kettle and wondered at it.

"The painter was lost in his task again, after putting on the kettle. Notice the stove was fixed close to the lay figure? The constant steam cloud made that wooden forefinger contract, helped with the elastic's pull, and off went the gun. . . .

They say — what do you say?

COUNTRY TOWNS.

MODERN factories may be things of beauty. The introduction of small units of large industry would benefit industrial workers and add virility and variety to old country towns.

The Dean of Canterbury.

BATTLE STORIES.

IT is seldom that one reads a fully satisfactory account of any military operation. Men of action are rarely men of letters, nor are they often able to relate their own experience either to the background to which it furnished the foreground or to the interesting adjustment of the individual to the mass.

Harold Nicolson, M.P.

THE WAR HAS TAUGHT — (1)

THIS war has demonstrated that the will to achieve will carry us more than half-way to achievement itself.

Edgar Anstey.

ALSO — (2).

TO abolish the slums and to make rural life attractive and stop the drift to towns there is much to be done; but, as this war has demonstrated, nothing is impossible when all men and women are inspired with a sense of their duty to the country.

H. S. Lawrence (Oxford).

AND FURTHER — (3).

WE have begun to realise, happily before it is too late, that the prospect of a plentiful supply of foods from overseas is no reason for shirking the task of building up a maximum husbandry at home; that a neglected agriculture is as a rotten core in even the most industrialised community; and that unless our rural life is served with the necessary amenities and facilities, "the driving force behind the English character will be lost to our race."

C. Henry Warren.

GARDEN CITIES.

IT will be very much easier to fulfil the central idea of a garden city after this war than it was before or after the last, solely for the reason that for the first time since the industrial revolution the industries themselves feel some desire to be decentralised.

Sir W. Beach Thomas.

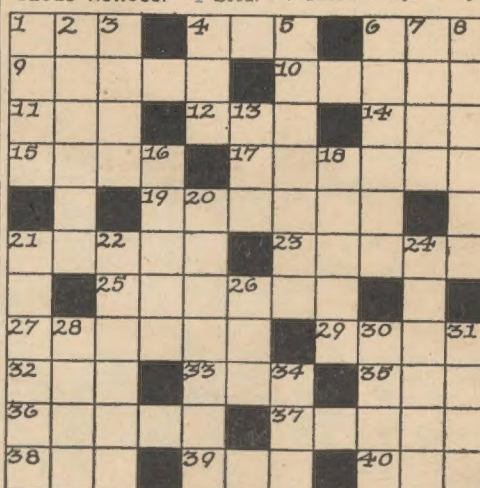
DIFFERENT CULTURES.

THE English-speaking Empires and the Soviet Empire have come to agree that the various civilisations have to learn to live in one world without too much jostling. They have come to believe that there may be good in almost all cultures, and a great deal of good in many, and to understand that a culture can no more live when it is forcibly divorced from its own social and political pattern than it could in a glass case in a museum.

Lady Rhonda.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Seed. 4 Throat-wrap. 6 Spring. 9 Positive pole.



- 10 Flesh food.
- 11 Coloured fluid.
- 12 Fuel.
- 14 Thick coverlet.
- 15 Deposits.
- 17 Find.
- 19 Stuffed cushion.
- 21 Broom.
- 23 Rodents.
- 25 Force.
- 27 Money-lender.
- 29 Coal container.
- 32 Representing.
- 33 Straight stick.
- 35 Recline.
- 36 Passengers.
- 37 Revile.
- 38 Welkin.
- 39 Tree.
- 40 Chess pieces.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

G CRUSH SAW ABOUT IRISH FLINT LANKY FAN ENTICE METRE NEWS CEDE TOE W U MR ADDLE PROPELS RIP PAVE ATTEST EKES USUAL DENTED GREW

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Vessel for liquid. 2 Natural. 3 Restricted. 4 Entreat. 5 Pardon. 6 Bad writing. 7 Fish. 8 Riles. 13 Completely. 16 Animal's track. 18 Calms down. 20 Plunge. 21 Steep headlands. 22 Scamper. 24 Duty. 26 For. 28 Steep. 30 Mineral. 31 Penetrating. 34 Female animal.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"LET ME INTRODUCE"—



Steve Donoghue and E. C. Elliott lead the field as they pass "Good Morning" camera on the first lap of the "Derby" course, which was run on Epsom Recreation Ground. (See story on front page.)



As if Gordon Richards needed it. But he liked what Tom Walls said about him—and so did the crowd—at the Epsom Pony Derby, when the Actor and Owner introduced each of the famous jockeys present.



Now I'll pick one

Maybe it's a sweepstake for two on the Epsom Pony Derby—or, maybe, it's just a private raffle for a Teddy Bear or a rattle. Anyway, somebody's hat has come in useful—and there's obviously something in it!

Howdy!



—says Dona Drake, Paramount starlet, who played her first important role in "Road to Morocco" with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. She was Bob's girl-friend—in the film—Lucky Bob! Here she is, on the wall of a South Californian beach, getting in trim for bigger and better efforts.

This England



Quaint little village shop in quaint little street in ancient Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire. There's everything in its windows, from tuppenny comics and bottles of "pop" to bootlaces and licquorice all-sorts—a real school-boy's view of this England.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



"Don't a Drake look a Duck?"